AN

ODE,

TO THE

INHABITANTS

OF

GREAT-BRITAIN.

[Price Six-pence.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

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INHABITANTS

OF

GREAT-BRITAIN;

In Imitation of

HORACE, Book III. Ode VI.

O fortunatos nimium ſua ſi Bona nôrint! Virg.

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα Θεὸς, Νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα——— *Aur. Carm. Pyth.*

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An ODE.

Horatii Carminum Lib: 3: Ode 6
Delicta Majorum immeritus lues &c
translated by Lord Roscommon &c. (Vid Guardian
No 151.)

I.

WHAT Madneſs, *Britons*, to ſuppoſe,
Howe'er your *Fathers* Faults you blame,
That *this* degenerate Age can cloſe
With aught deſerving *former* Fame,
Till Vice flies trembling from the Soul,
And Virtue animates the Whole?

II.

When to the LORD of HOSTS you bow,
  Proſtrate in Pray'r, inſtinct with Love;
Succeſs ſhall crown your Cauſe below,
  Approv'd, eſpous'd by HEAV'N above.
Refer your Bleſſings to their SOURCE:
Kind HEAV'N complies with pious Force.

III.

RELIGION ſcorn'd our Strength impairs;
  The outward *Form*, without the *Pow'r*,
But aggravates *Britannia*'s Cares,
  And in the Bloſſom blaſts the Flow'r;
Witneſs the Sorrows, which we feel;
Witneſs the Want of public Zeal!

IV.

IV.

Thrice have our Pow'rs, repell'd by *France*,
Confeſs'd th' *Almighty*'s juſt Diſdain;
Truſting in Man, our Troops advance,
And unſupported preſs the Plain.
By Land, by Sea, where-e'er we go,
Our Colours but adorn the Foe.

V.

For Shame, REFORM! and be forgiv'n:
See the fell *Murrain* ſtalks abroad!
Rebellion, ſee, the Scourge of *Heav'n!*
For Vengeance appertains to GOD.
Fleets, Camps, and Courts, and States muſt fall,
Where Vice triumphant cankers all.

VI.

VI.

Progreſſive ſwells the *Tide* of Crimes,
Swells high above our Fathers *Mark*;
Private Debauch'ries ſtain'd *their* Times;
We ſcorn the Covert of the Dark:
From Bad to Worſe who boldly run,
And bid Defiance to the Sun.

VII.

Our Youths in early Scenes of Ill
Exhauſt their Poverty of Strain;
Our Streets with wild Diſorder fill,
And nought, but moral Good, refrain:
Hence, by a gen'ral Baſeneſs caught,
With Sores the leprous Land is fraught.

VIII.

VIII.

Ev'n our gay *Females*, once the Grace
Of this delighted happy Iſle,
Loſt to the lovelieſt Charm of Face
The guiltleſs Bluſh, and artleſs Smile;
From their raw Teens Intrigues begin,
And marry----to enlarge the Sin.

IX.

Then deal forbidden Favours round,
With various Vice inraptur'd ſport;
But, oh! th' hyſteric Eyes are drown'd,
If the loath'd Husband fondly court.
Not ſo they nauſeate the Ball,
Tho' Infamy and Ruin call.

X.

Britons, reflect, in Ages gone,
If from ſuch Practices as theſe
Your SIRES to deathleſs Glory ſprung,
Rever'd alike in War and Peace;
If ſuch a miſcreant Herd of Men
Blaſted the Strength of *France* and *Spain*.

XI.

Was it a lewd abandon'd Train,
That bore the *Britiſh* Banners high
O'er *Poictiers* and fam'd *Creſſy*'s Plain,
And made the proud Armada fly?
A fribbling Race, unnerv'd with Eaſe,
That fix'd you Sov'reigns of the Seas?

XII.

XII.

No!---Manly Worth, on public Good
And ev'ry ſocial Tie intent,
Firſt model'd wiſely, then withſtood
Whate'er oppos'd the Government.
By Dint of *true Deſert* alone
Our *elder* Name unrival'd ſhone.

XIII.

If then 'tis doom'd by angry HEAV'N
That this devoted Age atone
For ſundry Provocations giv'n
By FATHER, MOTHER, DAUGHTER, SON,
O! may, at leaſt, our *timely* Cares
Derive a Bleſſing on our HEIRS!

F I N I S.

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